



The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now on-foot, you shall see (as I haue said) great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia meanes to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which hee iustly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed---

Cam. Beseech you---

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence--- in so rare--- I know not what to say--- Wee will giue you sleepeie Drinke, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. Beseeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to Bohemia: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Performall) hath been Royally attorned with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspcakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subiect, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Warry-Starre hath been

The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuities, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd To tyre your Royaltie,

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)

Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One Seuenight longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'll part the time betweene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not (beseech you) so:

There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both, Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him goe;

But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,

Wee'll thwack him hence with Distaffes.

Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture

The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia

You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission;

To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geste

Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) Leontes,

I loue thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind

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